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**MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE**  
LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR  
**TEEN AGE BOYS**  
ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

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*Verett*  
**John E. Clough**

Kingdom Builder in South India

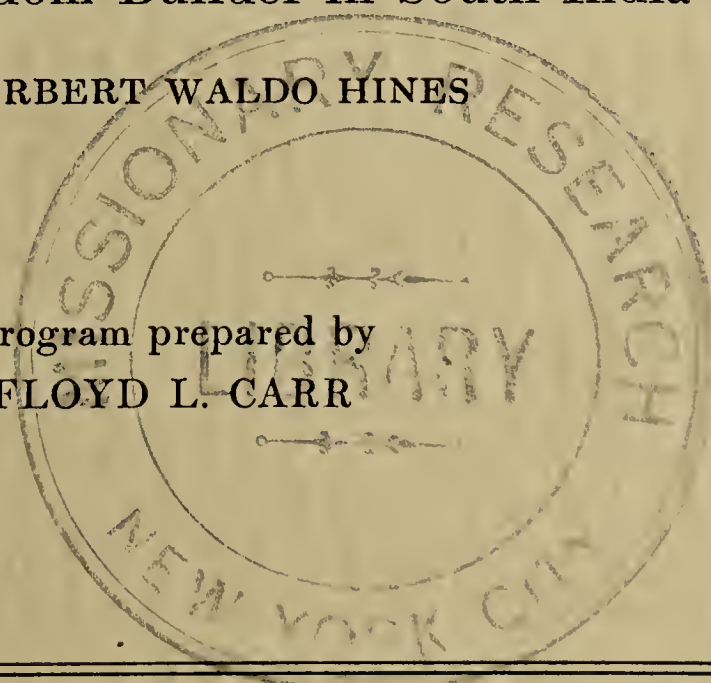
1856 -  
1910

SOURCE BOOK

"Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India"

By HERBERT WALDO HINES

Program prepared by  
FLOYD L. CARR



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BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION  
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION  
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Course No. 3



JOHN E. CLOUGH

*Kingdom Builder in South India*

SOURCE BOOK

“CLOUGH: KINGDOM BUILDER IN SOUTH INDIA”

By HERBERT WALDO HINES

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION  
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*Program based on "CLOUGH: KINGDOM BUILDER IN SOUTH INDIA"*  
By HERBERT WALDO HINES

The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

## FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors*, a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.



## PROGRAM FOR THE MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: I Corinthians 1:23-31, with especial reference to verses 26, 27, beginning: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh. . . ." (See the story of how Dr. and Mrs. Clough, facing the necessity of deciding whether to admit the outcaste Madigas [leather workers] into the Church, found guidance in this passage, each separately turning to the same passage. The story is given in detail toward the end of Chapter V, "Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India," reprinted in excerpt No. 11 in this booklet.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "The Morning Light is Breaking." Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of this hymn, had in 1853 written the poem, "Shine On, Lone Star," that had preserved the South India Mission at a time when the results were small. Twenty-eight years later, after the great Pentecost at Ongole, Dr. Smith visited John E. Clough at Ongole. Early one morning they went to the top of Prayer Meeting Hill, surveyed the Christian villages far and near, and together sang, "The Morning Light is Breaking." (See Pages 309-310 of "Social Christianity in the Orient," by John E. Clough, for a full account.)
4. Introduction to the Life Story.\* (Based upon the opening pages of "Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India," and the sketch in this booklet.)
5. Migrating by Covered Wagon. (Chap. I.)
6. Surveying on the Plains. (Chap. II.)
7. Entering College. (Chap. III.)
8. Deciding for Christ. (Chap. III.)
9. The Call to Foreign Service. (Chap. III.)
10. Settling at Ongole. (Chap. IV.)
11. Admitting the Outcastes to Membership. (Chap. V.)
12. Preserving the Madigas During the Famine. (Chap. VIII.)
13. Pentecost at Ongole. (Chap. IX.)
14. Setting Sun. (Chap. X.)

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\*The leader should read, in addition to the short sketch following this program, the book upon which this program has been based, "Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India," by Herbert Waldo Hines. Another book that will give a more complete account of some of the crucial events is "Social Christianity in the Orient" by John E. Clough. The leader should be able to fill the gaps between the stories told by the boys.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN E. CLOUGH

John Everett Clough, destined to become the Moses of the Madagas of South India, was born near Freusburg, Chautauqua County, N. Y., July 16, 1836. Shortly after his birth his father lost his property and the family eventually moved to northern Iowa, taking up 1,600 acres of prairie land at Strawberry Point. His father was injured by runaway horses and the heavy burden of the pioneer work fell upon the boys of the family.

When he was seventeen years old, the sturdy boy was invited by a party of United States surveyors to go with them as a helper. During the next four years he spent the open months in surveying in northern Minnesota and North Dakota. Courage, self-reliance and engineering skill were then developed as an endowment for his life work.

In the autumn of 1857 he took his accumulated savings and entered Burlington College. Here he found a deep spiritual atmosphere and on February 11, 1858, he was baptized into the membership of the First Baptist Church at Burlington, Iowa. During the same year, Dr. S. M. Osgood, a returned missionary from Burma, visited the University, appealing for workers for the foreign field. He interviewed John E. Clough in his room and from that time forward his life current turned toward the Far East.

The outbreak of the Civil War unsettled the college life at Burlington. In 1861 he married Harriett Sunderland, a school teacher at his home town, and later completed his college course at the Upper Iowa University. The first year after his graduation he taught school and the second he served as a colporter under the American Baptist Publication Society. But the call to the foreign field was insistent in his breast, and on August 2, 1864, he was appointed to reinforce Lyman Jewett at Nellore, South India.

With his wife and infant son, he sailed from Boston for Madras. On April 22, 1865, he arrived at Nellore, where he was warmly greeted by the native Christians and Dr. and Mrs. Jewett. His vigorous, winsome personality made friends quickly and that fall he baptized several converts, Tupili Lutchmiah, a Mala priest, being the first fruits of his own ministry.

In the meantime, Dr. Jewett was dreaming of the multitudes to be won seventy-five miles to the north, in the vicinity of Ongole.



Twelve years before, with his helpers and his wife, he had held, on January 1, 1854, a sunrise prayer meeting on the hill overlooking that populous area and at the time had by faith claimed the region for Christ. He, therefore, secured possession of the desired house and land and commissioned John E. Clough to found the work at Ongole. Four months after their arrival, they established, on January 1, 1867, with but eight members, the Baptist Church at Ongole, destined to become the largest Baptist Church in the world.

The next decade was a period of foundation laying. Early in 1867 the first group of twenty-eight converts was baptized. These were from the Madigas, leather workers among the outcasts of the Telugus. The Brahmins at once took offense and refused to have anything to do with Christianity if the Pariahs were received. Mr. and Mrs. Clough in their perplexity turned to the Word of God and each was separately arrested by the passage, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." (I Corinthians 1:26-27.)

In organizing his work, Mr. Clough selected and trained the native preachers with great care. The village and tribal organization lines were utilized and a vast mass movement was the ultimate outcome. Three far-reaching precepts were emphasized: First: Do not work on Sunday; Second: Do not eat carrion; Third: Do not worship idols. These challenging commands blazed the trail in the task of uplifting the submerged tenth of the population. The message of the Savior: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," won the victory ultimately.

Then God's hour struck in 1877, in the clanging terror of a widespread famine. The British Government, to afford relief, began the extension of the Buckingham Canal. John E. Clough secured the contract to construct a three-mile section of the canal. Utilizing his thirty native preachers as overseers, he organized both construction and preaching units. During the famine period he steadfastly refused to administer baptism, but when the element of self-interest was less a factor, he began to receive the converts into the Church. July 3, 1878 was the high day, when 2,222 were baptized in the Gundlacumma River. During that year 9,606 were received into Church membership.

Twice during the years of mission building, Mr. Clough visited America to secure funds and helpers for the growing work. By 1883, six years after the famine, the membership of the mission was 21,000. The movement had spread over an area that ex-

tended ninety miles north and south and one hundred miles east and west. The coming of trained helpers permitted the division of the mission into separate fields under the oversight of new missionaries.

In 1893, Mrs. Clough died in America as a result of a distressing accident, and the following year John E. Clough married Miss Emma Rauschenbusch of Rochester, N. Y., a former worker in the Ongole Mission. She became his collaborator in writing "Social Christianity," the story of his life in the form of an autobiography.

In 1901, while on an evangelistic tour, he had the misfortune to fall in the night, breaking his hip. The closing nine years of his life were, as a result, handicapped years of invalidism. In 1905 he retired from active service but remained in India until the spring of 1910. He then returned to America, bearing his heavy burden of suffering until his release came on November 24, 1910, while at the Graham Sanatorium, Rochester, N. Y. The "Apostle of the Telugus" had passed to his reward. Fifty thousand Telugu Christians sorrowed at the cabled tidings of their loss.



# INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN E. CLOUGH

*Reprinted from "Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India"*

*By Herbert Waldo Hines*

By permission of the publishers,  
The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

## 5. *Migrating by Covered Wagon. (See Chap. I.)*

"What's 'a matter, pop?" whispered the excited lad as he stuck his tousled head out from the rear of the wagon.

"Horses stampeded. Maybe horse thieves. Call mother."

In a few minutes the father and his three older sons, rifles in hand, had disappeared into the chilly night.

"Go to sleep, Everett," said his mother, who shivered slightly as they stood peering anxiously into the darkness. But there was no sleeping for the lad now—not he! He was soon dressed and standing beside her, telling her not to be afraid, for he would take care of her if any Indians or robbers came. This brave lad, John Everett Clough, born in Freusberg, N. Y., July 16, 1836, had the blood of seven generations of American pioneers in his veins, traditions of Revolutionary War grandfathers in his training, and months of covered wagon experiences fresh in his mind. He was a born leader, a restless, venturesome lad, who was here looking forward to some new and daring experience, and continued this throughout his life. He recalled how he had fought a battle with an old gander back in New York State and had won. Our young hero stayed close to his mother all through the anxious hours of that night, sharing with her the responsibility of blowing frequently a tin dinner horn that the men folks might find their way back to the wagons.

He learned early and often to go through anxious hours; he treasured these preparations for the terrific battles of his later life. Just as a reddish tinge in the east announced the approach of another day, one of Everett's brothers appeared, driving back the tired and snorting runaway horses.

The family fortunes, however, made a decided turn, and events changed with them. The five years of hard labor on the part of the whole family had resulted in a period of prosperity. Crops had been good, stock had been well taken care of, and land values had increased. They had saved some money and paid off debts. In addition to this hard-earned success, there came another fine

stroke—a railroad passed through their land and the company paid a good price for the farm. How differently the family felt now! They had a good sum of money as a result of their savings and sales, and decided to start all over again on a grander scale. As a result of a family council, it was decided that they should all move westward into Iowa, following in the trail of the Indians. Everett was one of those who favored this move, for he saw chances of big things in the new State, where the family would be large land owners and shortly people of wealth and influence. He could then afford to get his education and become a lawyer and statesman, as he had planned.

When the Cloughs again took to the covered wagons to found a new home for themselves, the situation was quite different from what it had been seven years before. Now they made a large caravan of wagons, horses, cattle, six yoke of oxen and abundance of clothing and supplies to last the whole family a year. No longer was John Everett in the wagon with the women and children, but driving, and assuming man's estate and responsibility. This time their sojourn on the outskirts of civilization found them with flour, tea and other luxuries. Corn bread, the symbol of their former hardships, was partaken of only occasionally. We must bear in mind, though, that the general air of prosperity of the family did not mean release from work. In order to get things started and hold the new land, all had to work real hard and long. It was hard to hire help, so young fifteen-year-old Everett took his place with the men and did a man's work from then on. He never felt that this hurt him but he always had a suspicion that he would have been six feet tall if he had not worked so hard during his growing period. Science is against him in his assumed loss of two inches of stature but this remained his conviction. During the winter months for two years, Everett went to school, walking several miles each way, piecing out his meagre education. He seems also to have thought later in life that intellectual growth was likewise checked by his early handicap.

## 6. *Surveying on the Plains. (See Chap. II.)*

The welcome guest was Mr. W. L. Anderson of Dubuque, Iowa, in whose home the Cloughs had been guests two years before on their way to their new home at Strawberry Point. They chatted briefly while Mr. Anderson looked admiringly at the physique of the stalwart young plough-boy and commented with enthusiasm on how much he had grown in two years. Mr. Anderson had liked



Everett when first he had seen him, for he was keen to observe the leader in him and the personality that could make dreams come true. He needed just such a young man now.

Mr. Anderson explained that he was a United States surveyor on his way to Minnesota, under contract with Uncle Sam to survey a large tract of land in that new territory. As he told of his anticipated summer's work in the virgin land of the Sioux Indians, he observed the sparkle of intense interest in Everett's eyes, and looked pleased.

That evening, when the milking was all done, the chores tended to and the bounteous company meal tucked away under expanding belts, the men folks settled down for a chat together. Mr. Anderson told of his approaching government work in Minnesota, of the company he had brought together for that purpose—cooks, laborers, surveyors, helpers, etc. But he still needed a general utility man, who, though not a specialist in any one line, would be a willing worker. He quickly turned to Mr. Clough and said:

"Your son, Everett, is just the man I am looking for! I'll pay him twenty-five dollars a month in gold, guarantee his safety, and promise you that I shall look after him carefully and bring him safely back at the close of the season. The experience will be good for him and I am sure you will want your boy to have a chance like this."

Everett's father refused, for he could not bear to see his family circle broken. Everett was a useful man on the farm, but so ambitious and masterly that if he once got on his own resources he feared he would never return to the parental roof. But John Everett was wild to go. It was just the chance he wanted in his outreach after a new experience. He urged his father, begged his mother, and besought his older brother, Cyrus, who respected Everett's ability very much, to talk in his favor. His mother and brother both spoke favorably and finally his father half-heartedly consented.

. . . . .

With the coming of spring, Everett Clough was again a member of Mr. Anderson's surveying party, working in Minnesota but this time farther to the north. When Mr. Anderson heard that young Clough had been studying mathematics and some science in a High School during the past winter, he gave him a chance to apply his knowledge by putting a compass in his hand, telling him how to use it, and by sending others with him to carry the axes and to dig holes. This was a step up, a decided one, and the 18-year-old man was scared as he started out on such an important task. He was to make sketches and notes of the first day's work and report to Mr. Anderson that evening just what



he had done so that Mr. Anderson could see if he had the right idea of surveying. He very wisely let Clough alone for the first day to study the thing out by himself, thus lessening his embarrassment.

That night Mr. Anderson heard the report of the young surveyor's first day with as much joy as Clough felt, for he found his estimate of Clough established and his trust in him justified. After a few more days' close observation of the youth's work, the camp was divided into two companies—one half, or six men, being under Clough's leadership, the other under the lead of Mr. Anderson. Each evening the parties came together to check up, the youthful chief's work being gone over carefully for a while. In the course of a few weeks the daily reports were merely nominal, for the head surveyor trusted Clough's judgment and results entirely, and he was left alone to head his surveying party until the approach of winter stopped the season's work.

On another occasion, a settler offered Clough a hundred dollars in gold if he would alter the lines slightly so that they would pass along the boundary of his claim. He could have done this easily by shortening or lengthening the chain a bit, and the variation might not have been detected for years, but he could not bring himself to do this on account of his father having taught him to be absolutely honest in all his dealings. He laid the lines with mathematical exactness, in honor of his home training, and experienced infinitely more joy than one hundred dollars in gold could ever have given.

## 7. *Entering College. (See Chap. III.)*

When young Clough closed his surveying career in Mr. Anderson's study, he felt that now the way was opened for him to carry out his intention to become a lawyer. He had some money on hand to go to school and he sensed that at twenty-one years of age he must start immediately on this road to a career. It so happened that Mr. Anderson had a son who was just starting off for Burlington University, a strong Baptist school of the pioneer days, located at Burlington, Iowa. Dr. G. J. Johnson, the pastor of the Baptist Church in Burlington, was a good friend of Mr. Anderson and often came to Dubuque, where he was always a welcome guest in the Anderson home. Therefore, it was the most natural thing in the world that John Everett Clough should be going to a strongly denominational school, though he himself had no religious training or background.

Mr. Anderson gave his young son into the care of Clough, as

one would commit such a charge to an elder brother, for he had come to trust his deputy in an unusual way. A few minutes before the boat departed to transport them from Dubuque down towards Burlington, he took from his pocket his own fine watch and handed it to Clough, earnestly saying: "Take this as a memento of your faithfulness and my affection for you."

Clough took hold of his studies fairly well, and, after two years in the preparatory department, was able to enter the Sophomore Class of the college. He specialized in mathematics, for he still had an affection for surveying which he thought, in the back of his mind, he might follow, should the legal bubble ever burst. When he entered the Junior Class, Dr. Allen gave him the responsibility of teaching two classes in the preparatory department, which gave him an added income. This he needed badly, for his college career, after the first year, was quite a financial struggle. One time it seemed almost certain that he would have to leave school for a while, but he hung on, living for months on graham bread, butter and apples. In later years he thanked God for these experiences, for they enabled him to understand sympathetically the natives of India in their struggles against poverty to secure some education.

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### 3. *Deciding for Christ. (See Chap. III.)*

The boys arrived after the school year had started, so were of necessity separated and placed in rooms with other students. The fact that it was a pious sort of place did not bother Clough, for he figured he would not let that trouble him. He was assigned to a room with a student who was zealously devoted to religious observances and assumed that Clough would read a chapter of the Bible and pray with him every evening before retiring. Clough frankly told him right at the start that he could be counted out on any religious exercise, for which he had no use. He even proposed drawing a chalk line through the middle of the room, on one side of which the pious student might pray, on the other of which Clough would study. Three days after Clough's entrance into the preparatory department of the university, he met a theological student, who predicted frankly that Clough would become a Baptist minister. This provoked him at first, then amused him.

It so happened that the President of the University, Dr. L. B. Allen, taught a young men's Bible Class in the Baptist Sunday School and, of course, invited the new student to attend. This invitation Clough accepted as a common courtesy but soon came to admire Dr. Allen very much and to enjoy staying to church



to hear the staunch Dr. Johnson expound fervently the Baptist democratic principles, for that was the time of denominational controversy. After a few months, the new student felt his skepticism slipping and began to lose some of the self-sufficiency he had reveled in for several years. His room-mate noticed that something was worrying Clough and suspecting that it was some difficulty pertaining to his lack of faith, prayed with renewed vigor for his conversion. It soon became very difficult for Clough to study while someone prayed; he felt disrespectful and restless during that time. Suddenly, one evening, he pushed the books aside and knelt with his room-mate. The very next day the joyous room-mate went to tell Pastor Johnson what had happened and the good shepherd lost no time in calling on Clough. They had a wonderful talk together; a strong faith in Christ swept into Clough's soul, which remained a permanent force. He was baptized shortly afterward in the First Baptist Church of Burlington.

. . . . .

In spite of this definite conviction that he could not and would not become a preacher, there swept into his soul a sort of under-current of doubt that he was going to be a lawyer. His vague dreams of being a politician or surveyor began likewise to appear to him as selfish desires of his own vanity. He got to thinking that he should surrender his life unselfishly for some kingdom service and should not try to run away from God. When he thought along these lines, he felt a great peace in his soul and these moments of peace seemed to him veritable calls of God. One day a missionary secretary came to the college and visited some of the fellows in their rooms, among them Clough. When the good doctor left Clough, the latter felt intimately a call to be a foreign missionary.

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## 9. *The Call to Foreign Service. (See Chap. III.)*

The temporary peace of his colporter career was broken by a tempting call to become principal of a collegiate institute, at a salary twice the size of what the Publication Society was paying him. But he had a return of that agony of soul lest he should find himself in the wrong place again and speedily declined, Mrs. Clough sharing the same feeling with him and likewise thinking that God might some day open the way for them to be foreign missionaries. Shortly after this decision, Clough was in a convention in Davenport, Iowa, when Mr. Dean, missionary to the Chinese in Bangkok, Siam, was giving an address, in which he pleaded for an assistant. A light suddenly flashed into Clough's soul and



created a sort of uplifting joy or ecstasy. He said excitedly, half aloud, "That's my call!"

A great happiness came to him as he saw his calls to be a lawyer and statesman, great surveyor, college president, and minister, slip away for all time. In his mind the die was cast; it was a divine moment of decision which unified his life. Henceforth he was to be a missionary. He told his experiences to three men who confirmed his call and helped him to relate himself to the denomination's agency for sending out missionaries. One of these was Elder Asa Chapin, who wrote to the Executive Committee and who introduced John Everett by correspondence to one who became his lifelong counsellor and friend—Dr. J. G. Warren, secretary to the Foreign Board.

Meanwhile, the summer of 1864 had come and Clough had taken a month's leave of absence from his work to help his family get in the harvest, for help was scarce on account of the men drawn off for the war. One day he was standing on a four-horse reaper raking off the heavy grain, when someone brought to him a letter from Dr. Warren, asking that he come to Boston immediately to meet with the Executive Committee of the Foreign Mission Society. Like that sturdy old Roman, Cincinnatus, who left his plow standing in the field to go at the call of his country, the redoubtable bronzed Iowa farmer dropped the reins at the call of the Kingdom of God and journeyed East. The pressing harvest of western grain fields were little to him in comparison with the great fields of God spread throughout the far East and ripe indeed unto the harvest. Not that he liked the hard work of his earthly fields less, but that he craved more the peace of God in finding his true life work and in getting it. Few knew why neighbor Clough left hastily for Boston; his wife was jubilant with understanding, and, hugging her little son, she whispered into his uncomprehending ear: "Daddy's going to be a missionary."

When the leading Iowa Baptists heard of the appointment they were deeply stirred and wanted to have a hand in the great event of the going forth of one of their sons to the foreign field. In that day, missionaries were few-and-far-between, and it was a notable event when some promising young man was willing to leave home and friends to go to the then distant other side of the earth for Christ's sake. His ordination, held in Burlington, Iowa, November 19th and 20th, 1864, was an outstanding event in the religious life of the State. Dr. Nathaniel Colver, conspicuous Baptist leader of the time, came from Chicago for the occasion. Dr. G. J. Johnson, who had baptized Clough seven years before, came up from St. Louis to give the new minister-missionary the wel-

coming hand of fellowship and called it a great moment in his life. The Baptists of Iowa sent Clough to India with warm hearts and stood by him during his years of trials and triumphs.

### *10. Settling at Ongole. (See Chap. IV.)*

The coming of the letter from near Ongole focused the attention on that city and made the missionaries decide to take a journey there. Dr. Jewett had been anxious to have Clough see it and Clough was equally restive, so they made a hasty preparation and were soon off on a tour, which took them as far as Ongole. They went by way of the seacoast, halting to preach at Allur and Ramapatnam, at both of which places they were anxious to have mission stations some day soon. These two places were in the territory between Nellore and Ongole and were places the missionaries were much concerned about, for a missionary society to the south had expressed the desire of working there, if the Northern Baptists were not going to open up stations. Jewett and Clough asked them not to occupy this territory for the present.

The arrival at Ongole was fraught with many thrills, for they had been making up their minds as they covered the territory from Nellore to Ongole that it must be within their field, and to bring this about Ongole must be speedily occupied. Ongole was a strategic point in many ways. The English Magistrates were located here; three main highways began here, and the great Madras to Calcutta road went through it. There was no other city of its size within a distance of fifty miles. The compound of eleven acres, which Dr. Jewett's foresight had secured, gave a place to start from. On the compound was a four-room bungalow with thatch-covered verandas.

Then there was "Prayer Meeting" Hill to be visited, for Clough was anxious to see the spot where that memorable meeting had been held at sunrise on New Year's Day, 1854. At that time, Dr. Jewett and his helpers had been on tour and had spent the last days of 1853 in Ongole. The party had decided on a New Year's prayer meeting and selected this hill just outside the town for the place. After this prayer meeting, in which all had taken some part aside from the singing, Dr. Jewett arose and spoke thusly:

"Do you see that rising bit of ground yonder, all covered with prickly pear? Would you not like that spot for your mission bungalow and all this land to become Christian? How would you like it? Well, Nursu, Julia, that day will come."

The first part of the prophecy was already fulfilled, for an English officer had built the bungalow there and had subsequently sold it to Jewett for a modest sum. The foundations for the second



part of the prophecy's fulfillment were laid by Clough, the "man for Ongole," though he was just receiving a faint glimmer of this possibility on that day.

The die was cast; officially Clough became the "man for Ongole." The Nellore staff of six workers was divided, three remaining, and three, Tulili Rungash, Ezra, Lutchmiah, with their families, going with Clough to Ongole. It was a great event when the day of departure came. The native Christians gathered around and wept in farewell, for they had come to love the Cloughs. Clough could not speak his farewell to Jewett, for his heart was too full at the sense of fine fellowship they had in the nearly two years of constant daily contact. Jewett had been a father to him and had given way for him in this great opportunity. It was thirteen years since Jewett had begun to pray for the "man for Ongole." Now that man was going there and Jewett had trained him! Little did either realize that day that in thirteen years more the Ongole Church would number thirteen thousand members!

September 17, 1866, the party of workers, destined for Ongole, arrived in sight of Prayer Meeting Hill and before long were halting in front of the mission bungalow—at home in Ongole. Clough felt a peculiar sense of exaltation as he dismounted from his pony and suddenly realized that he had come now to his work! He was just thirty years of age—the same age at which our Lord began his ministry—trained in many ways to meet the special problems that would arise, and equipped physically, mentally and spiritually to spend and be spent for nearly forty years to lead to Christ the "multitudes of the Elect" God had among the outcaste millions. Thus the Moses of the Madagas entered his field of labor.

### *11. Admitting the Outcastes to Membership. (See Chap. V.)*

Now Clough, as a sincere and thorough-going American Christian, could not readily fall in with this system, ignore and push aside the inquirers and refuse baptism to those who came seeking it. This would be going against what he considered the spirit of Christ. But if he did not refuse admission to the outcastes, the caste people would not come and would seek in every way to hinder him. Hence he had a terrible mental struggle to go through with every day. Surely he could not succeed in building a native church with these degraded, persecuted outcastes. He must, for the sake of the mission, find some way to hold the caste people who had already come. And yet he could not reject any sincere soul seeking his Saviour. To "pussyfoot" or "carry water on both shoulders" was not Clough's nature. He knew from his experience in Nellore, and



also since beginning in Ongole, that he could make headway with the caste people if he could keep the outcastes out. But how about his personal belief that Christ died for all? This dilemma lasted many days. Whichever way Clough turned, he found mental fog and uncertainty. At first he thought that he could delay the movement among the Madigas a few years till he had a "nucleus of converts from the caste people," to use his own language. The Madiga movement could not wait.

. . . . .

Out of his despair, anguish and indecision, he was lifted in a striking way, and his mind unified for all time on this subject. One Sunday evening he was alone in his study, suffering with the weight of his divided self. He could not retreat; he was not willing to go ahead. He paced about and almost unconsciously picked up one of a stack of English Bibles piled in his room for distribution to English soldiers, who frequently passed the bungalow on marches between Madras and Hyderabad. He thumbed it aimlessly and suddenly read aloud excitedly the following words from I Corinthians 1:26, 27.

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

He took the Bible over to his study table, laid it down open before him, and drifted back in thought to the Jerusalem days when Paul had his controversy with the religious leaders. He was at peace now. He knew now what his duty to the Madigas was, for it was as if a voice from heaven had spoken. His wife came into the study, weary from some of the household tasks, and, picking up one of these Bibles sat down for a bit of reading, opening it at random. Presently she said to her husband, "God's plan must be to serve these outcastes first." To Clough's further amazement, she had the Bible opened to the same passage he was pondering over. The mystery of this moment was not at all affected by the fact that these were all new Bibles, recently bound, and would all probably open to the same place. It was a revelation of light that both these struggling souls should receive at the same time, in the same way, the same solving of their doubts. From then on, their thoughts were unified in one direction. They were the chosen of God to shepherd the outcaste Madigas, befriend them, win them, cost what it may, lead where it will! They went straight in that direction, nothing doubting.

## 12. *Preserving the Madigas During the Famine. (See Chap. VIII.)*

Clough found difficulties, however, in getting employment for his Madigas as coolies on the canal digging. With the officials, all was easy; they felt no prejudice and made no caste distinctions; but the overseers did, for they were caste men, usually Sudras. They became sullen when they were forced to work Madigas, and oppressed and mistreated them so much that the latter could not continue working. Clough and his preachers conferred on the matter and finally all concluded that the Dhora should seek to get a portion of the canal to dig and use his preachers as overseers, thus arranging for fair consideration for the starving Christian Madigas.

Missionary Clough now went to the engineers in charge of the building of the canal to discuss with them the prospect of his taking charge of the building of a section of it. He showed them his United States Deputy Surveyor's Certificate, told them of his surveying experiences and studies, and impressed them in his discussions that he had the necessary technical knowledge to assume charge. It is interesting how this government surveyor's certificate, issued to Mr. Anderson's deputy twenty years before, should be the turning-point in the famine fortunes of the Madiga Christians. The British officials awarded him the contract of digging a mile of canal, with the understanding that if the work went all right, he could have more.

The canal was to be twelve feet deep. The work was done by men digging and filling baskets with earth, and the women carrying the baskets out on their heads, dumping the dirt off to one side. After the work got along well and Clough demonstrated his ability to handle the situation, his contract was extended to include three and one-half miles of canal—the total stretch he was responsible for. The government engineer let him have the portion gladly, with the one condition, that if his own Christian coolies were not numerous enough to finish the contract, he would get other people to help him. This he had to do, more than half of his laborers being non-Christian friends and relatives of the Christians.

The preachers were all willing to work under the sub-engineer, to whom Clough handed over the direction of the work. He kept in touch with it, and several times came over to the camp to help in some emergency. In August the whole 100 mile stretch of the canal was done, and their chief engineer in charge of the thirty-five miles in which Clough's three and one-half miles were located, wrote him as follows:

"I am glad to say that your portion of the canal is the best on



the whole line. It is so uniform and cut to the proper depth without ups and downs as everywhere else."

The people were now well along in the second year of the famine; the rains of May were fine but the continued hot winds withered up the grain which he had started. Another year the southwest monsoon failed, and millions faced death by starvation. One million was being fed in relief camps, another million was employed on relief works; but there were still sixteen millions in the Telugu country! Clough sent frantic appeals to Burma, America and England, and fine donations came to fill a desperate need, for starving people dragged themselves to the compound and begged for aid. Often they lay down at the gate to rest after their long walk and never arose. The Englishmen in Madras sent an appeal to the Lord Mayor of London, and the great Mansion House Fund was organized, which produced millions for relief. Clough served as treasurer for the administration of this fund in the Ongole district and dispensed over 50,000 rupees in the weeks following November, 1877.

### *13. Pentecost at Ongole. (See Chap. IX.)*

During the famine years, Clough steadfastly refused to baptize or allow any baptism on his great field, not that he lacked faith in the motives of the converts in coming but that he wanted to protect them from the suspicion that they were coming to be fed and taken care of. His own secret convictions were that these converts asking for baptism should be received, for some of them he had known personally for years and knew them to be Christians by their changed manner of living. Some of them were under observation by the preachers, who likewise bore testimony to their sincerity. But he saw into the future and wanted to protect the mission in the eyes of Christian public opinion in England and America. There were repeated references during these famine times to "rice Christians," many of them made in a hostile spirit, and with the insinuation that natives became Christians in name just to get something to eat. Clough wisely reasoned that if he could withhold baptism till the famine was over, he would save his Christians these suspicions and mean criticisms.

Upon the morning of the appointed day, Missionary Clough left Ongole before the sun arose, in order to reach Velumpilly early in the day. When he arrived at the appointed meeting place—a traveller's bungalow beside a grove of tamarind trees and overlooking the ford or causeway across the Gundlacumma River—he found four of his preachers already there, and with them, nearly 3,000



people, most of whom wanted to be baptized. The preachers hastened to explain humbly and apologetically that they had done their best to leave the people at home but that the converts had insisted on following. Then Clough realized the tremendous situation he faced, for the other preachers would in all probability have multitudes with them. Such proved to be the case.

Clough was strongly minded to send the people home to their villages immediately, for he saw all sorts of complications with such an assembly of thousands of people, and no plan to handle them or feed them, for many did not have adequate provisions with them. He mounted the wall around the traveller's bungalow—a broad stone affair about four feet high—and preached to the people on his usual text: "Come unto me." It was apparently a great sermon—just what that multitude needed, and they were lifted up by it. But at the close, he let them drop again, for he requested them to return to their villages immediately. Throughout the vast gathering there was shuffling and murmuring. Then there were confused and mingling voices shouting out, "Baptize us!" The cry that soon came to be a shouting chorus took this form:

"We do not want help. By the blisters on our hands we can prove to you that we have worked and will continue to work. If the next crop fails, we shall die. We want to die as Christians. Baptize us therefore."

That very afternoon, July 2, 1878, they began baptizing in the Gundlacumma River, where crossed the Northern Trunk Road, a military highway to Hyberabad. There was no bridge or ford here but a sort of causeway of stones in the river so that carts could pass over. Overlooking the roadway, which dipped down to the river, was an embankment about ten feet high, on which was the grove and where Clough stood directing the baptizings for three days. On either side of this causeway, near the shore, the water was of the right depth for the immersion of the candidates and it was only a few steps from the banks. Two Telugu pastors took their places in the water on either side of the causeway. When these two became tired, two others took their places and in turn they also were relieved. Six hundred and fourteen were baptized on that first afternoon.

In the night, there was the constant sound of coming and going, and when the dawn came, Clough arose to find the grove swarming with people; he estimated at least 5,000. The Indians said there were "five acres of people." Thaluri Daniel and Bezwada Paul had come in with the people from the taluks where they had been working. Periah was also there.

Immediately after sunrise, two preachers took their stations in

the river and the baptizing began, continuing constantly with relays of preachers till eleven o'clock, when they had to pause on account of the heat of the day. Shortly after noon the baptismal service was renewed and continued till sunset. The six ordained pastors had taken turns, two by two, from sunrise to sunset. The names of the candidates were read out and one followed another into the water regularly. When the preacher on one side pronounced the baptismal formula, the one on the other was getting his candidate before him, ready to speak the words as soon as the other had finished. At the close of the day those who had the lists came together to count up. The second day's total baptisms came to 2,222—this on July 3, 1878!

#### *14. Setting Sun. (See Chap. X.)*

Coming to realize that, although he was not yet 60 years of age, his work in India was finished, Clough began to talk about returning home in 1896, when he should have completed thirty years of service. But the native Christians held him. Their leaders insisted that simply his being there in the bungalow at Ongole, as of yore, made them feel secure and created a feeling of stability. They wanted him to sit in his accustomed place, having no work or worries, so they might tell the caste people their pedda Dhora was still in Ongole.

Sometimes the older preachers would come to Ongole to sit with their beloved teacher and talk over old times. They would laugh and weep together as they spoke of those terrible persecutions they bore, of the days of the great baptizings and of the blessings that God had wrought among the Madigas through them. They would speak of the many sermons Clough had preached during those famine years on his old favorite text: "Come unto me." Or perhaps they would speak of things they thought ought not to be, and again, as of old, their Dhora would say: "But Jesus makes no mistakes." They always wound up by agreeing that the division of the field and the new methods were good, and by saying they were loyal to the new missionaries, which they were, but way down in their hearts they longed for the good old days.

During 1900, when Clough was visiting the Podili station, then temporarily under his charge, he rode out one day for a relaxation trip into the open country. His pony, suddenly starting in terror at the sight of a wolf by the roadside, threw Clough so violently as to break his collarbone and two ribs. He walked to the bungalow and gave himself a few days for recovery.

A year later, he was in a camp south of Ongole, preparing to



hold meetings and baptize several hundred people. In his tent was his tall cot, four feet from the ground, to discourage the approach of stray dogs, snakes, etc. In the night, desiring to get up, he stepped out on a chair placed beside the bed for that purpose. The slipping of the chair caused him to fall heavily and break his right hip. In a few days his preachers took him for the twenty-mile ride back to Ongole in a spring wagon. After two months of intense suffering, he was started on a journey back to America as the only hope for his recovery. Strict word had been sent to the natives not to come to say farewell, for their Dhora was a very sick man and any noise or disturbance might kill him. But several thousands came and remained deathly silent, requesting only the privilege of a farewell salaam to him. When he was carried on his cot to the railroad station, hundreds followed him, having taken off their sandals, walking barefoot and sobbing softly in the silence of the starlit night.

During the next hot season he went to Conoor in the Nilgiri Hills, where he and Mrs. Clough went to work putting his life-story into shape. He told the story of his dynamic life to Mrs. Clough and she faithfully wrote it down. This is the book called "Social Christianity in the Orient." It was a great joy to him to see his life as a whole and to realize that in spite of many disappointments and failures in a number of directions, he could look around and see how God had fulfilled his hopes. When he had come to India to the "Forlorn Hope," he had nothing but dreams. Now he could look about and realize that one hundred missionaries were working in the Telugu field, 60,000 church members were active and 200,000 adherents were inclining to Christ's way of life, to say nothing of the influence of the many schools.

He had to give up his hope of being buried in India. Friends urged him against this, for his grave would surely become a shrine where his spirit would be worshipped. Already his name was being used in sacred rites and incantations in the villages, for they believed there was power in it. Reluctantly he sailed for America. For months after he spoke often of returning to India, but soon he began himself to realize that God was calling him to come. In Rochester, N. Y., forty miles from the place of his birth, the Pedda Dhora breathed his last on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1910. They buried him in the cemetery the missionary society had provided for its wornout warriors, in Newton Center, near Boston. His grave is in the most fitting place imaginable—near that of Dr. Warren, who had loved him and counselled with him in the very early days of his venture to India; near Dr. Jewett, who was in every sense one of his spiritual fathers, his chief counsellor and



beloved master; and near Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "Shine On, Lone Star;" whose prophetic dream the driving, torrential, rushing Clough had shaped into organized earthly actualities. And over the grave of this mighty man of God, there is inscribed his favorite verse of Scripture, expressing the yearning of his heart for the calm which he always sought and rarely got—

*"Be still and know that I am God."*

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